



Mrs. S. A. Leifer
Napoleon, Ohio.

Terrible Misery

Helpless With Rheumatism and Without Appetite

Tired Feeling and Pains Dispelled by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was in terrible misery with rheumatism in my hips and lower limbs. I read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla that I thought I would try it and see if it would relieve me. When I commenced I could not sit up nor even turn over in bed without help. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of my rheumatism and I am now as well as ever." Mrs. S. A. Leifer, Napoleon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures liver, blood, and skin diseases. It is a powerful purifier of the blood and a tonic for the system. It is sold in bottles of 50 cents and \$1.00 each.

COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

Items Garnered by Our Corps of Correspondents

In the Various Localities in the County

All communications must reach this office not later than Tuesday evening to insure insertion. The publisher of this paper will not be held responsible for the opinions of its correspondents.

DESHLER.

Nov. 3d, '94.—Sam Williams drove to the county seat last Saturday on important business.

The ladies of the M. E. Mite Society will hold a harvest festival on the 20th of November, Thanksgiving night.

Mrs. J. W. Cottingham and daughter went to Avilla, Ind., on Saturday to spend a number of days visiting with her sister, Mrs. E. E. Tharrp.

Died, on Sunday morning, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Williams. The funeral took place at the residence on Stearns Ave. Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Interment at Belmont cemetery.

Mal Fox and wife are proud over the arrival of a young son who has come to stay with them.

The Misses Coral, Madge and Pearl Geherrett are the guests of their grandparents near Napoleon this week.

Elmer received a telegram on Friday evening from Liberty Center, stating that his wife was at the point of death.

Mrs. Ira Grimes returned home on last Saturday from a very pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. Samuel Riser at La Rue, Marion county, O.

George Heller has received a pension from the government dated from June 1865, giving him \$2 per month, the back pay amounting to \$602.

P. T. Michael has the neatest office at his lumber yard there in Deshler. It is nicely furnished and Phil takes great pride in keeping it nice and clean.

George Young is proud over the arrival of a ten pound girl. George says she will make a dish washer.

Miss Pearl Leaning, of Milton Center, is the guest of her cousin, Marie Mears.

E. N. Warden was over to the county seat Thursday and Friday of this week on legal business.

J. W. Vanite was over to McComb on business the forepart of this week. Van. is a hustler in the meat business, and can not be beat cutting a nice steak.

Miss Marie Mears is the guest of her uncle and family at Milton this week.

James Donovan, of Napoleon, was in our city Friday of this week on legal business.

McCLURE.

Nov. 5th, '94.

The boys are up and blooming now. It is quite a little snow.

There is nothing to compare with it. While waiting for the snow to fall.

Though very young in years, But what is all that, You know each day a little sewing Adds a little to the mat.

Even to the lady and lass, For there's plenty of them here, They are tripping around quite gayly For they like the time of year.

And the cheerful grass is fading And the leaves have gone, Oh, where? Soon the howling winds of winter Will shake the white down in the air.

Then to charity we go quite often And to parties every night, On the way they will talk and ponder While waiting for the snow to fall.

Now when the boys take their merriment And their frolics they begin, Is when the snow begins to fall And the boys begin to jingle.

The Good Templars will give an oyster supper in Commemorative hall on the evening of Nov. 23d, at McComb. All are invited.

Born, to C. L. Durbill and wife Thursday, Nov. 1st, a son.

Mrs. Terry Heeter, of Toledo, spent Sunday here.

Mrs. Rice and daughter, Anna, returned to their home in Hamilton Monday after a four weeks visit with friends here.

Miss Hattie Chroninger is spending a few weeks with friends at Malinta. Rolla Shull, of Grand Rapids, was in town Saturday.

Sheriff Decker, of Napoleon, was on our streets Saturday evening.

Mrs. Chas. Macklin, of Findlay, spent a part of last week with her sister, Mrs. P. Macklin at this place.

Miss Maude Beaverson called on Grand Rapids friends Sunday.

Sylvester Collins made a business trip to Toledo Saturday.

Mrs. Peter Macklin, and Ira Ward are still very ill with typhoid fever.

Jim Hanna, of Napoleon, was here Thursday.

Ed. Doward is very low with typhoid fever.

NEW BAVARIA.

Nov. 7th, '94.—Miss Mary Westrick, of Tiffin, Ohio, is visiting with friends and relatives at this place.

J. Pattenberg, of Custer, O., was seen among our young people last Sunday.

Miss Minnie McEnery, of Liberty Center, O., commenced the winter term of school last Monday in the Spangler schoolhouse in Marion township.

Married, last Tuesday, Oct. 30th, in the Catholic church by Rev. W. A. Harks, John Schuller and Mary Swary.

Married, Nov. 7th, by Rev. W. A. Harks, C. C. Kalber and Sophia Spangler, both of the Sacred Heart congregation.

Died, at the home of John Burkhardt in Pleasant Bend, Jos. Burkhardt, son of John Burkhardt. Funeral services took place last Saturday in the Catholic church.

Peter Hornung has nearly 7000 bu. of corn in cribs, and the farmers are hawling more every day. He is now erecting a crib that will hold 4000 bushels. Peter is one of our active young business men, he pays the highest prices for grain and everything spot cash.

A pleasant surprise was given at the home of Andrew Swary in honor of John Shore it being his 24th birthday.

Jim D.

LES ROSES DE SADI.

This morning I loved I would bring them my roses. They were thrust in the hand that my bodies inclines. But the roses were broken, the roses were gone. The roses were broken, the roses were gone. The roses were broken, the roses were gone.

And the roses were broken, the roses were gone. The roses were broken, the roses were gone. The roses were broken, the roses were gone.

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A MILD ORIENTAL.

If you consider the circumstances of the case, it was the only thing that he could do. But Pambé Sarang had been hanged by the neck till he was dead, and nobody cared whether he was right or wrong.

Three years ago, when the Elsas-Lothering steamer Saarbuck was coaling at Aden and the weather was hot and hot, Narked, the big fat Zanzibar stoker who fed the second right furnace 30 feet down in the hold, got leave to go ashore. He departed a "Seedee boy," as they call the stokers.

He returned the full blooded sultan of Zanzibar—his royal highness Sayyid Burghash—with a bottle in each hand. Then he sat on the fore hatch grating eating salt fish and onions and singing the songs of a far country. The food belonged to Pambé, the serang, or head man of the lascars sailors. He had just cooked it for himself, turned to borrow some salt, and when he came back Narked's dirty fingers were spading into the rice. A serang is a person of importance, far above a stoker, though the stoker draws better pay. He sets the chorus of "Hya, hulla! Heeah, leh," when the captain's gig is pulled up to the davits. He heaves the lead, too, and sometimes, when all the ship's lazy, in puts on his whitest macin and a big red sash and plays with the passengers' children on the quarter deck. Then the passengers give him money, and he saves it for an orgie at Bombay, Calcutta or Pulu Penang.

"Ho, you fat, black barrel, you're eating my food!" said Pambé in the other lingua franca which begins where the Levant tongue stops and runs from Port Said eastward till east is west and the sailing brigs of the Kurile islands gossip with Hakodate junks.

"Son of Elbis, monkey face, dried shark's liver, pig man, I am the Sultan Sayyid Burghash and the commander of all this ship!" Take away your garbage," and Narked thrust the empty pewter rice plate into Pambé's hand. Pambé beat it into a basin over Narked's woolly head. Narked drew his sheath knife and stabbed Pambé in the leg. Pambé drew his sheath knife, but Narked dropped down into the darkness of the hold and spat through the grating at Pambé, who was staining the fore deck with his blood.

Only the big white moon saw these things, for the officers were looking after the coaling and the passengers were tossing in their close cabins. "All right," said Pambé, and went forward to tie up his leg. "we will settle the account later." He was a Malay, born in India, married once in Burma, where his wife had a cigar shop on the Shwa Dagon road; once in Singapore to a Chinese girl and once in Madras to a Mohammedan woman who sold fowls.

The English sailor cannot, owing to postal and telegraph facilities, marry so profusely as he used to do, but native sailors can, being uninfluenced by the barbarous inventions of the western savage. Pambé was a good husband when he happened to remember the existence of a wife, but he was also a very good Malay, and it is not wise to offend

a Malay, because he does not forget anything. Moreover, in Pambé's case blood had been drawn, and food spoiled. Next morning Narked rose with a blank mind. He was no longer sultan of Zanzibar, but a very hot stoker. So he went on deck and opened his jacket to the morning breeze till a sheath knife came like a flying fish and stuck into the woodwork of the cook's galley, half an inch from his right armpit. He ran down elbow before his time, trying to remember what he could have said to the owner of the weapon. At noon, when all the ship's lascars were feeling, Narked advanced into their midst, and being a placid man with a large regard for his own skin he opened his eyes, saying: "Men of the ship, last night I knew that I behaved unbecomingly to some one or another of you. Who was that man, that I may meet him face to face and say that I was drunk."

Pambé measured the distance to Narked's naked breast. If he sprang at him, he might be tripped up, and a blind blow at the chest sometimes only means a gash on the breast bone. Ribs are difficult to thrust between unless the subject is asleep. So he said nothing, nor did the other lascars. Their faces immediately dropped all expression, as is the custom of the orientals when there is killing on the carpet or any chance of trouble. Narked looked long at the white eyeballs. He was only an African and could not read characters. A big sigh, almost a groan, broke from him, and he went back to the furnace. The lascars took up the conversation where he had interrupted it. They talked of the best methods of cooking rice.

Narked suffered considerably during the run to Bombay from lack of fresh air. He only came on deck to breathe when all the world was about, and even then a heavy block once dropped from a derrick within a foot of his head and an apparently lashed grating on which he set his foot began to turn with the intention of dropping him on the coiled cargo 15 feet below, and one insupportable night the sheathknife dropped from the fo's'sle, and this time it drew blood. So Narked made complaint, and when the Saarbuck reached Bombay fled and buried himself among 800,000 people

and did not sign articles till the ship had been a month gone from the port. Pambé waited, too, but his Bombay wife grew clamorous, and he was forced to sign in the Sphericon to Hongkong, because he realized that all play and no work gives Jack a ragged shirt. In the foggy China seas he thought a great deal of Narked, and when Elsas-Lothering steamers lay in port with the Sphericon inquired after him and found he had gone to England via the cape and on the Gravelotte. Pambé went to England on the Worth. The Sphericon met her by the North Light. Narked was going out with her to the Calicut coast.

"Want to find a friend, my trap mouthed coal scuttler?" said a gentleman in the mercantile service. "Nothing easier. Wait at the Nyanza docks till he comes. Every one comes to the Nyanza docks. Wait, you poor heathen. The gentleman spoke the truth. There are three great doors in the world whereat, if you stand long enough, you shall meet any one you wish. The head of the Suez canal is one, but there death comes also. Charing Cross station is the second—for inland travel—and the Nyanza docks are the third. As each of these places are men and women looking eternally for those who will surely come. So Pambé waited at the docks. Time was no object to him, and the wives could wait, as he did from day to day, week to week, month to month, by the Blue Diamond funnels, the Red Dot smokestacks, the Yellow Streaks and the nameless dingy gypsies of the sea that loaded and unloaded, jolted, whistled and roared in the everlasting fog. When money failed, a gentleman told Pambé to become a Christian, and Pambé became one with great speed, getting his religious teachings between ship and ship's arrival and 6 or 7 shifts a week for distributing tracts to mariners. What the faith Pambé did not in the least care, but he knew if he said, "Native Ki-lia-li-an, sar," to men with long black coats he might get a few coppers, and the tracts were vendible at a little public house that sold shag by the "dottle," which is even smaller weight than the "half screw," which is less than the half ounce and a most profitable retail trade.

But after eight months Pambé fell sick with pneumonia, contracted from long standing still in shag, and much against his will he was forced to lie down in his two and sixpenny room, raging against fate.

The kind gentleman sat by his bedside and groined to find that Pambé talked in strange tongues, instead of listening to good books, and almost seemed to become a bearded heathen again, till one day he was roused from semistupor by a voice in the street by the dockhead. "My friend—ho," whispered Pambé. "Call now—call Narked. Quick! God has sent him!" He wanted one of his own race," said the kind gentleman, and going out he called "Narked!" at the top of his voice, and an excessively colored man in a rasping white shirt and brand new spats, a shining hat and a breastpin turned round. Many voyages had taught Narked how to spend his money and made him a citizen of the world.

"Hi! Yes!" said he when the situation was explained. "Command him—black nigger—when I was on the Saarbuck. Olo Pambé. Good old Pambé. Dam lascars. Show him up, sar," and he followed into the room. One glance told the stoker what the kind gentleman had overlooked. Pambé was desperately poor. Narked drove his hands deep into his pockets, then advanced with clinched fists on the sick, shouting: "Hya, Pambé! Hya! Hee, ah! Hulla! Heh! Taklo! Taklo! Make fast aft, Pambé! You know Pambé. You know me. Dek ho, jee! Look! Dam big fat lazy lascars!"

Pambé beckoned with his left hand. His right was under his pillow. Narked removed his gorgeous hat and stooped over Pambé till he could catch a faint whisper. "How beautiful!" said the kind gentleman. "How these orientals love like children!"

"Spit him out," said Narked, leaning over Pambé yet more closely.

"Touching the matter of that fish and onions," said Pambé, and sent the knife home under the edge of the rib bone, upward and forward.

There was a thick, sick cough, and the body of the African slid slowly from the bed, his clutching hands letting fall

a shower of silver pieces, which ran across the room.

"Now I can die!" said Pambé. But he did not die. He was nursed back to life with all the skill which money could buy, for the law wanted him, and in the end he recovered sufficiently convalescent to be hanged in due and proper form.

Pambé did not care particularly, but it was a sad blow to the kind Christian gentleman.—St. James Gazette.

Helmholtz's Remarkable Brain.

In order to satisfy scientific men as to the real cause of Professor Helmholtz's death, says the London Telegraph's Berlin correspondent, a post mortem examination was made at the desire of his relatives, the chief results of which are as follows: As a consequence of the paralytic strokes the left portion of the brain was considerably softened, while the right portion was perfectly normal and sound. The brain displayed unusually numerous cerebral situations, such as are known to be generally observed in the brains of persons of very great intellect. The physicians and pathologists who conducted the examination were extremely interested in what they saw, and a cast of the brain was immediately taken. Other organs of the body showed some signs of disorder, but in his lifetime the deceased had not experienced any inconvenience therefrom.

Going by Wind Power.

On an Irish Railway—I say, guard, how is it we're going so fast today?

"Why wouldn't we, sor? Sure we've got the wind behind us."—London Globe.

Trouble's Comfortable Home.

"You look tired, tonight, dear," Mrs. Troublely said sympathetically.

"Yes, I worked hard and worried all day, and my head aches," Troublely said, with a weary sigh.

"Too bad," Mrs. Troublely purred softly. "By the way, the ice hill came today. It's \$10, and you must see them about it right away. There must become mistake. The janitor says the coal is out of the bin or giving it to some other tenant. It does seem that I cannot keep Janet another day. She was impertinent to me again today, and she's so slow about her work and so lazy she nearly drives me mad. How's your head, dear? Does it still ache?"

"Feels a little worse," Troublely replied, clutching his brow.

"I'm afraid you're smoking too much again. You must stop it, dear, or you'll break down. Now, how much do you smoke? You keep at it all day long, don't you, George?"

"No, I only smoked two cigars today," Troublely said wearily. "Cesar's ghost! How my head aches!"

"Too bad, dear. What would you do about Janet if you were? She is really quite unbearable. I think you would better advertise for a new girl tomorrow or run around to the employment bureau on your way to the office. But perhaps if you were to talk to Janet and show her that we will not stand any more of her nonsense she might turn over a new leaf and be a much better girl. What do you think, dear?"

"I don't think at all, dear. My head aches to split," Troublely replied, pacing up and down the room.

"Poor dear, are you sure you only smoked two cigars? Before I forget to be sure and leave a quarter for the janitor for putting in the coal. You're not going to already to that horrid old club, are you, dear? I hardly see you any more."

THE MARKETS.

Provision Market.

Nov. 7, '94.

Corrected weekly by A. Bradley.

Apples, green per bushel..... 10 00

Apples, red per bushel..... 10 00

Bacon, per lb..... 10 00

Butter, per lb..... 10 00

Eggs, per dozen..... 10 00

Flour, per bushel..... 10 00

Wheat, No. 1, per bushel..... 10 00

Wheat, No. 2, per bushel..... 10 00

Wheat, No. 3, per bushel..... 10 00

Wheat, No. 4, per bushel..... 10 00

Wheat, No. 5, per bushel..... 10 00

Wheat, No. 6, per bushel..... 10 00

Wheat, No. 7, per bushel..... 10 00

Wheat, No. 8, per bushel..... 10 00

Wheat, No. 9, per bushel..... 10 00

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Wheat, No. 58, per bushel..... 10 00

THE MARKETS.

Review of the Grain and Cattle Markets For November 6.

Pittsburg.

Cattle—Prime, \$5 20; 5 30; good, \$4 60; 4 80; good butchers, \$3 90; 4 00; rough fat, \$2 00; 2 10; fair light steers, \$3 50; 3 60; good fat cows and heifers, \$2 40; 2 50; butts, stags, bologna cows, \$1 20; 1 30; fresh cows, \$2 00; 2 10; good feeders, \$3 00; 3 10; Hogs—Mixed